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#178
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TM
DAREDEVIL®
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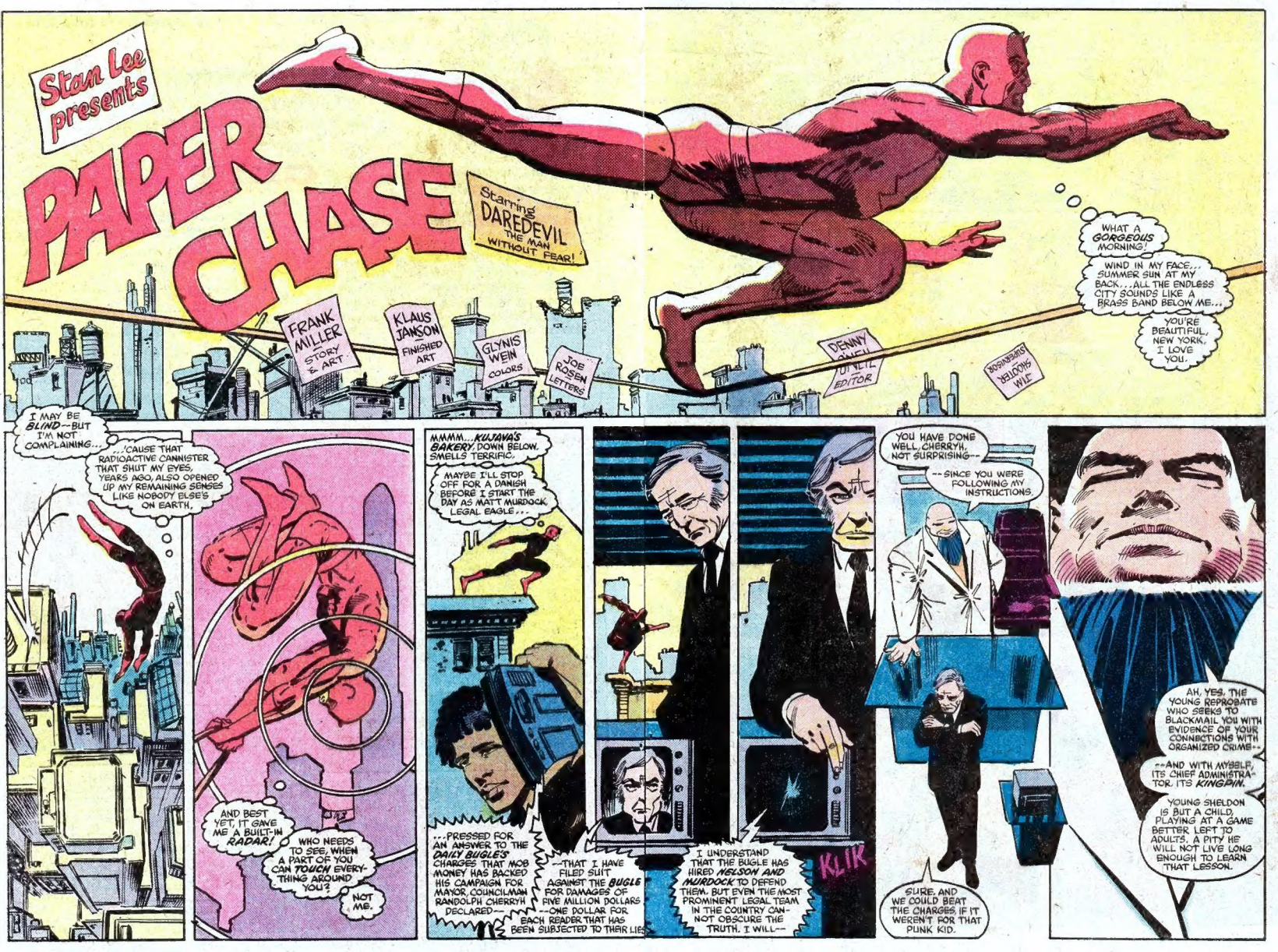
...MEETS POWER MAN & IRON FIST!

DAREDEVIL® Vol. 1, No. 178, January, 1982. (U.S.P.S. 148-440) Published by MARVEL COMICS GROUP, James E. Galton, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Vice-President, Publishing, Milton Schiffman, Vice-President, Production. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 575 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, N.Y. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright© 1981 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. Price 60¢ per copy in the U.S. and Canada. Subscription rate $7.20 for 12 issues. Canada, $8.20. Foreign, $9.20. Printed in the U.S.A. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the conditions that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. DAREDEVIL (including all prominent characters featured in the issue), and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are trademarks of the MARVEL COMICS GROUP. Postmaster: Send address changes to Subscription Dept., Marvel Comics Group, 575 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

WHOK
SHKKK
KTANNG
CHOK
KLUDD
SHKKK

SHKK
SHKK
KRSSH
AAAAAA
ELEKTRA--
IF YOU ARE ALIVE TO READ THIS, YOU ARE AS DEADLY AN ASSASSIN AS I HAVE BEEN TOLD. I SHOULD LIKE TO DISCUSS WITH YOU EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES IN MY ORGANIZATION.
THE
KINGPIN


Stan Lee presents
PAPER CHASE
Starring DAREDEVIL THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
FRANK MILLER STORY & ART
KLAUS JANSON FINISHED ART
GLYNIS WEIN COLORS
JOE ROSEN LETTERS
DENNY O'NEIL EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER SUPERVISION
WHAT A GORGEOUS MORNING!
WIND IN MY FACE... SUMMER SUN AT MY BACK...ALL THE ENDLESS CITY SOUNDS LIKE A BRASS BAND BELOW ME...
YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL, NEW YORK. I LOVE YOU.
I MAY BE BLIND--BUT I'M NOT COMPLAINING...
...'CAUSE THAT RADIOACTIVE CANNISTER THAT SHUT MY EYES, YEARS AGO, ALSO OPENED UP MY REMAINING SENSES LIKE NOBODY ELSE'S ON EARTH.
AND BEST YET, IT GAVE ME A BUILT-IN RADAR!
WHO NEEDS TO SEE, WHEN A PART OF YOU CAN TOUCH EVERYTHING AROUND YOU?
NOT ME.
MMMM...KUJAWA'S BAKERY, DOWN BELOW. SMELLS TERRIFIC.
MAYBE I'LL STOP OFF FOR A DANISH BEFORE I START THE DAY AS MATT MURDOCK, LEGAL EAGLE...
...PRESSED FOR AN ANSWER TO THE DAILY BUGLE'S CHARGES THAT MOB MONEY HAS BACKED HIS CAMPAIGN FOR MAYOR, COUNCILMAN RANDOLPH CHERRYH DECLARED--
--THAT I HAVE FILED SUIT AGAINST THE BUGLE FOR DAMAGES OF FIVE MILLION DOLLARS --ONE DOLLAR FOR EACH READER THAT HAS BEEN SUBJECTED TO THEIR LIES
I UNDERSTAND THAT THE BUGLE HAS HIRED NELSON AND MURDOCK TO DEFEND THEM. BUT EVEN THE MOST PROMINENT LEGAL TEAM IN THE COUNTRY CAN-NOT OBSCURE THE TRUTH. I WILL--
KLIK
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, CHERRYH, NOT SURPRISING--
--SINCE YOU WERE FOLLOWING MY INSTRUCTIONS.
SURE, AND WE COULD BEAT THE CHARGES, IF IT WEREN'T FOR THAT PUNK KID.
AH, YES. THE YOUNG REPROBATE WHO SEEKS TO BLACKMAIL YOU WITH EVIDENCE OF YOUR CONNECTIONS WITH ORGANIZED CRIME--
--AND WITH MYSELF, ITS CHIEF ADMINISTRA-TOR. ITS KINGPIN.
YOUNG SHELDON IS BUT A CHILD, PLAYING AT A GAME BETTER LEFT TO ADULTS. A PITY HE WILL NOT LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN THAT LESSON.

THE NEW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
SO CHERRYH, HE WAS BROKE. SO HE SOLD OUT TO A "BUSINESSMAN" BY THE NAME OF WILSON FISK--WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE THE KINGPIN OF CRIME.
AND ME, I GOT MY HANDS ON SOME CHECKS THAT OLD KINGSY SIGNED OVER TO CHERRYH'S CAMPAIGN.
YOU'RE JUST A KID! HUBCAPS, MAYBE, BUT CHECKS--?
SHELDON HAS ALREADY TOLD US MORE THAN HE SHOULD KNOW, MISTER JAMESON. LET'S HEAR HIM OUT, SHALL WE?
LISTEN TO THE MAN, FLAT TOP. AFTER ALL, IT'S YOUR RAG THAT'S GETTING FRIED.
NOW, I COULD SELL THE CHECKS BACK TO CHERRYH--OR I COULD SELL 'EM TO YOU...
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?
YOU'RE HEARING THINGS, MURDOCK. THERE ISN'T ANY...
I'M SORRY, FOGGY. I COULDN'T STOP THEM.
THAT'S OKAY, BECKY. I'LL HANDLE IT.
GENTLEMEN, THIS IS A PRIVATE CONFERENCE.
NOT NO MORE IT AIN'T. WE WANT THE KID.
HE'S SKIPPIN' SCHOOL. HIS MOMMA SENT US.
WHAT HE SAID.
IF THEY'RE TRUANT OFFICERS, I'M PERRY MASON.
NO TIME TO SWITCH TO DAREDEVIL. GUESS I'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO AS POOR, BLIND MATT.
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? WHO ARE THESE--
OH, EXCUSE ME, SIR. I DIDN'T...
OOF!
HEY!

FOGGY, I'M NOT USED TO THIS NEW OFFICE, WHERE -- OOPS!
THERE. THAT OUT-BASKET HOLDS ENOUGH LETTERS--
UFF!
OOF!
SORRY, I--
WATCH IT!
--TO COVER A QUICK EXIT!
BETTER MOVE QUICKLY, FOGGY WILL COME CHECK FOR ME IN A MINUTE--
--AND BY THE SOUND OF THOSE FOOTSTEPS SHELDON IS ONLY AN ELEVATOR AWAY FROM THOSE GOONS.
I'LL TAKE THE EXPRESS ROUTE.
KID'S A GOOD RUNNER. PROBABLY HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE.
HE'S IN THE LOBBY. HE'LL MAKE IT OUTSIDE.
THAT'S WHERE I'LL MEET THEM.

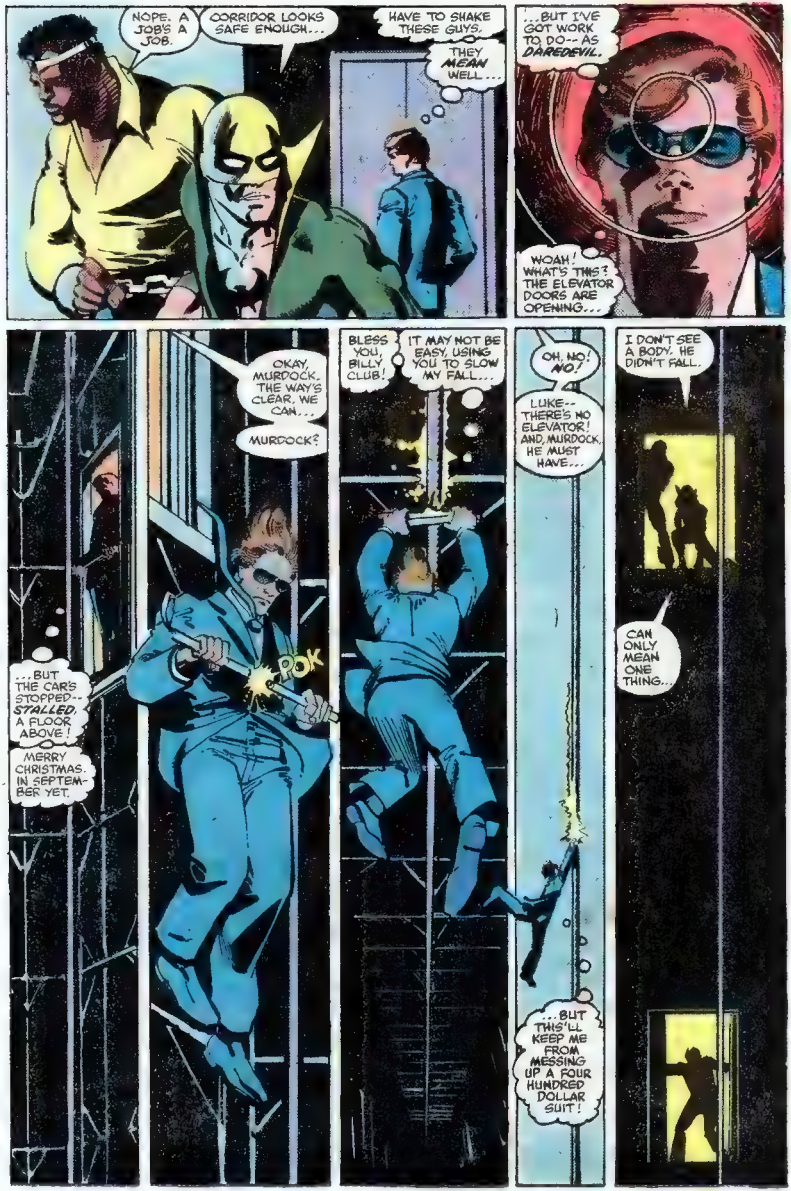
OOF!
DAREDEVIL!
HI.
HEY! LEGGO!
WHADDA WE DO?
GO FER YER GUNS! THERE'S THREE OF US, AND ONLY ONE OF...
...HIM...
BETTER YET--LET'S GEDDADDAHEAH.
WHAT HE SAID.
HOODS ARE GETTING SMARTER.
NOW, SON, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME WHAT--OWW!
SOME GRATITUDE!
NO POINT IN CHASING HIM. HE OBVIOUSLY DOESN'T WANT TO TALK--
BETTER HEAD UPSTAIRS. FOGGY'S PROBABLY WORRIED SICK.
--AND WHAT CAN I BRING HIM IN FOR? BITING MY HAND? LIEUTENANT MANOLIS WOULD LOVE THAT.

THE NEXT DAY, AT A PARK AVENUE OFFICE...
I'M NOT RUNNING THIS OFFICE FOR YOUR COMFORT, BOYS. YOU WOULD DO WELL TO FIND A CASE THAT JUSTIFIES MY TIME AND EXPENSE--
--BEFORE I RUN OUT OF BOTH.
HEY, WATCH WHERE YOU'RE...
SNIFF IS THAT PIZZA I SMELL?
CAN WE HELP YOU, MR....?
TAP TAP TAP TAP
IT IS PIZZA!
OH, GOLLY, DEBBIE'S KEPT ME OFF PIZZA SINCE OUR HONEYMOON.
NELSON, OF NELSON AND MURDOCK. WE'RE WORKING ON A DANGEROUS CASE, AND I'M WORRIED FOR MY PARTNER.
YOU SEE, HE'S BLIND...
...AND YOU WANT US TO BODYGUARD HIM.
SORRY, WE'RE BOOKED UP.
PEPPERONI, LORD, GRANT ME STRENGTH...
ANCHOVIES.
LUKE-- THAT'S FOGGY NELSON! HE AND MURDOCK MAKE MORE ON ONE DIVORCE CASE THAN WE MAKE IN A YEAR!
BODYGUARDING IS BORING, DANNY.
THIS IS JUST THE KIND OF BIG MONEY CASE THAT JERYN WAS TALKING ABOUT!
I TELL YOU WHAT. LET ME HAVE THAT LAST SLICE OF PIE, AND WE'LL DO IT.
GONE. IT'S GONE...
URP

THAT NIGHT...
WORKIN' LATE, MURDOCK?
WE'RE LOOKIN' FER THE KID.
WE FIGGER YOU KNOW WHERE HE'S STASHED HIMSELF.
AN' THIS TIME, THERE AIN'T NO SUPER-HEROES AROUND TO MESS US UP.
WHO SENT YOU?
WHO ELSE? THE BOSS.
THE BIG BOSS. THE KINGPIN.
BETCHER SCARED NOW, HUH?
TERRIFIED. WHAT DOES THE KINGPIN WANT WITH SHELDON?
IT AIN'T SHELDON, EXACTLY. IT'S THE CHECKS.
WHAT CHECKS?
THE CHECKS WHAT CONNECT THE BOSS TO THAT POLITICIAN--
--THE ONE NAMED...
LUKE, I BOUGHT YOU ANOTHER PIE. WHAT MORE CAN I...
UH OH.

THWOKK
HE IS IRON FIST, AND IF ANY MAN IS MASTER OF THE MARTIAL ARTS, IT IS HE.
CHOK
HIS PARTNER MAY LACK DANNY RAND'S FINESSE--
--BUT HE DOESN'T NEED IT.
BULLETS--BOUNCIN' RIGHT OFF YA--!
BRAKABRAKABRA
UH HUH. BUT IT HURTS.
KINDA LIKE THIS.
POW
HE IS LUKE CAGE-- POWER MAN!
EVERY-THING'S OKAY NOW, MATT!
OL' FOG CAME THROUGH AGAIN--HIRED US SOME PROTECTION!
SURE. PROTECTION.
MY OFFICE SPRAYED WITH BULLETS--THE LOT OF US NEARLY KILLED--AND THE TAPE THAT WOULD'VE WON OUR CASE FOR US SMASHED TO BITS.
BEAUTIFUL.
EASY, LUKE.
JUST KEEP TELLING YOURSELF--THIS'LL KEEP MISERY OFF OUR BACKS...

SUNDOWN, AT THE CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING...
THIS'LL KEEP JERYN OFF OUR BACKS. THIS'LL KEEP JERYN OFF OUR BACKS.
THIS'LL KEEP--
SHHH!
MATTHEW MURDOCK FOR THE DEFENSE. I'M RUNNING A BIT LATE.
YOU SURE ARE. AND THE PROSECUTOR'S HAVING A FIELD DAY.
...MURDOCK'S TARDINESS DEMONSTRATES HIS CHARACTERISTIC LACK OF RESPECT FOR THIS COURT--
--NOT TO MENTION HIS DESPERATION IN DEFENDING AN INDEFENSIBLE CLIENT.
UH OH. THE PROSECUTOR... HE'S..
BOYS... WHAT ARE YOU...?
JERY'N.
AHEM.
AS FURTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE CALIBER OF THE DEFENSE, THE COURT IS ADVISED TO NOTE THEIR HIRED HELP.
...TWO STRONG-ARM MERCENARIES-- THUGS, IF YOU WILL -- WHOSE VERY PRESENCE IN THIS HALL IS AN OBSCENITY!
"JUST THE KINDA CASE JERYN WANTS US TO TAKE," HUH FIST?
TAP TAP TAP
MAYBE THIS WILL CONVINCE YOU GUYS TO FIND SOMEBODY ELSE TO PROTECT.
PLEASE?
HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT OUR BOSS WAS THE PROSECUTOR?


NOPE. A JOB'S A JOB.
CORRIDOR LOOKS SAFE ENOUGH...
HAVE TO SHAKE THESE GUYS.
THEY MEAN WELL...
...BUT I'VE GOT WORK TO DO-- AS DAREDEVIL.
WOAH! WHAT'S THIS? THE ELEVATOR DOORS ARE OPENING...
...BUT THE CAR'S STOPPED-- STALLED, A FLOOR ABOVE!
MERRY CHRISTMAS. IN SEPTEMBER YET.
OKAY, MURDOCK. THE WAY'S CLEAR. WE CAN...
MURDOCK?
BLESS YOU, BILLY CLUB!
IT MAY NOT BE EASY, USING YOU TO SLOW MY FALL...
OH, NO! NO!
LUKE-- THERE'S NO ELEVATOR! AND, MURDOCK, HE MUST HAVE...
...BUT THIS'LL KEEP ME FROM MESSING UP A FOUR HUNDRED DOLLAR SUIT!
I DON'T SEE A BODY. HE DIDN'T FALL.
CAN ONLY MEAN ONE THING..

LATER, AT THE CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS OF RANDOLPH WINSTON CHERRYH...
MATT MURDOCK'S BEEN KIDNAPPED!
YOUR BOYS MUST'VE SNATCHED HIM, CHERRYH. NO USE DENYING IT.
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE--UFF!
DON'T HURT HIM, LUKE.
WHY NOT?
MY PARTNER IS VERY STRONG, COUNCILMAN. AND A LITTLE CRAZY. I HONESTLY DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN HOLD HIM OFF.
WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHERE MURDOCK IS BEFORE HE...
YOU DON'T FOOL ME WITH YOUR "GOOD COP- BAD COP" ROUTINE, GENTLEMEN. I'VE BEEN HASSLED BY THE BEST.
GET OUT OF HERE, OR I'LL HAVE YOU UP ON CHARGES.
NICE PLAN, DANNY.
IT WAS WORTH A TRY, WASN'T IT?
RING RING
HELLO?
YOU.
WHAT DO YOU... YES, YES I KNOW ABOUT THE PARADE TOMORROW. I'M IN IT. I... WHAT?
YOU WANT JEWELS? DIAMONDS? THEM?! YOU'RE CRAZY. I CAN'T...
...YES, OF COURSE I WANT THE CHECKS, SHELDON.
ALL RIGHT. ALL RIGHT. I'LL BE LOOKING FOR YOU.
AND I'LL BE THERE AS WELL, COUNCILMAN.
READY, AND WAITING FOR YOUR FIRST FALSE MOVE.

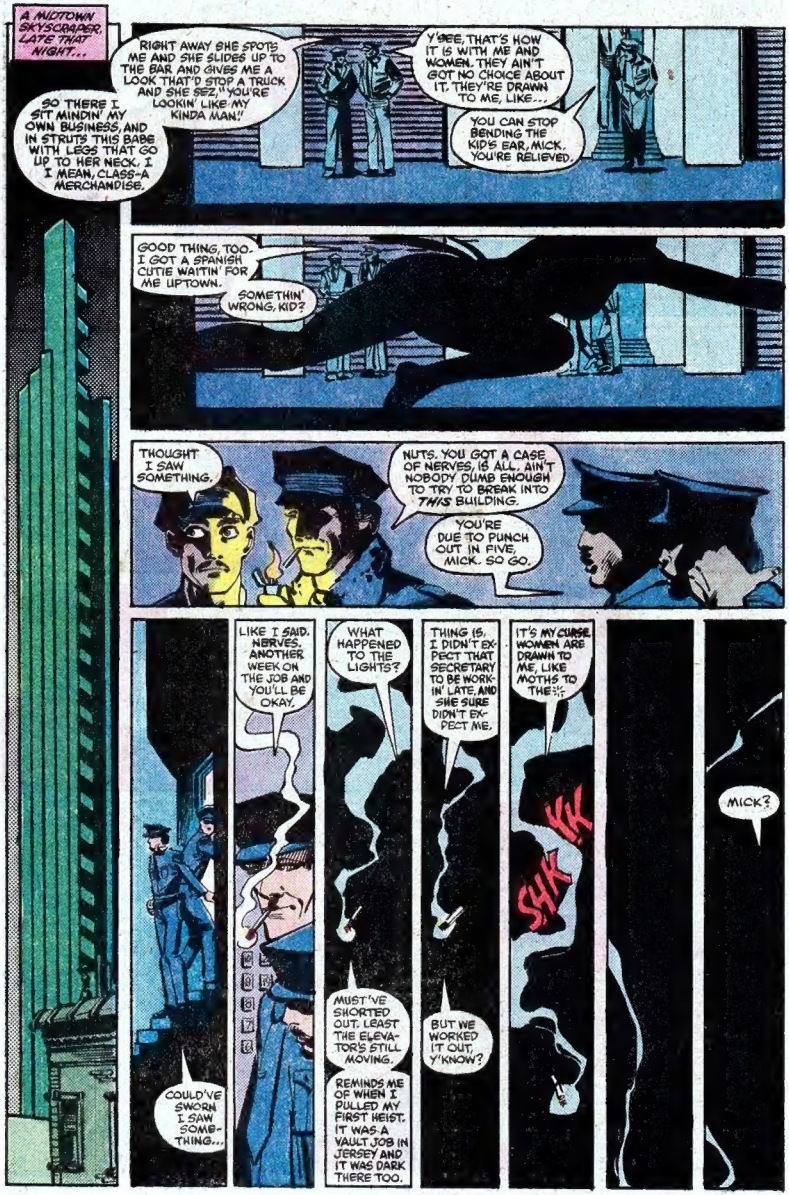
THE NEXT AFTERNOON, ON FIFTH AVENUE...
I DUNNO ABOUT THIS, TURK.
I MEAN, THIS HERE SUIT MAKES ME FEEL STOOPID.
SUIT'S GOT NOTHIN' TO DO WITH THAT.
LISTEN, GROTTO. THIS IS THE FIRST CONTRACT WE'VE LANDED IN MONTHS, AND IF WE PULL IT OFF, WE'LL BE IN GOOD WITH THE KINGPIN AGAIN. SO KEEP YER EYES PEELED FER THAT SHELDON KID.
AND SHADDUP.
EYES FRONT, LUKE. CHERRYH'S THE ONLY LEAD WE HAVE TO MURDOCK, AND WE CAN'T AFFORD TO--
ARE YOU--?
YEAH.
HEY! ARE YOU--?
NO.
THERE'S CHERRYH, HANDING OUT BAGS OF JELLYBEANS TO THE KIDS. THEY'RE MAKING A LOT OF NOISE, BUT I SHOULD BE ABLE TO PICK OUT SHELDON'S NASAL TWANG WHEN HE...
AH!
A VERY SPECIAL BAG FOR YOU, SON.
AND THE CHECKS...
RIGHT HERE.
ME FIRST!
ME.
WHAT THE— THAT KID, HE--

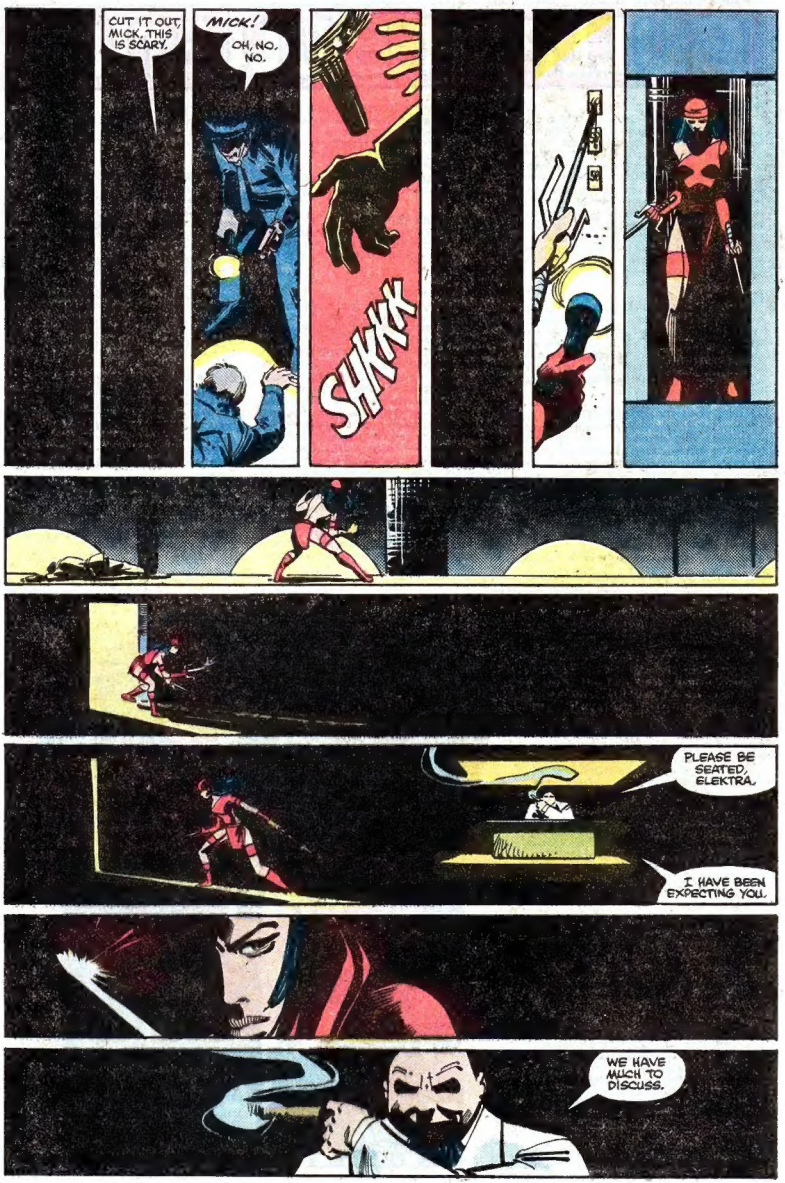
COME BACK HERE! HEY!
THAT'S HIM, GROTTO! THAT'S SHELDON!
LET'S DO IT.
SHELDON STILL HAS THE CHECKS. GOOD. I'LL JUST SLIP AWAY AND SWITCH TO...
AW, NO. PLEASE. NOT THEM. NOT NOW.
LUKE! IT'S HIM!
WHO?
MURDOCK! IT'S MURDOCK!
WHERE?
THERE!
WHERE'D HE GO?
MUST BE IN THAT ALLEY, BUT WHY?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT MURDOCK. HE'S SAFE.
YOU CAN GO HOME NOW.
DAREDEVIL?!
DAREDEVIL, I'VE ADMIRED YOU FOR YEARS, BUT SOMETHING FISHY IS GOING ON--
--AND I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS.
DON'T MAKE ME HURT YOU.
BACK OFF, SON. I'M IN A HURRY.

I WARNED YOU.
HEY! NOT BAD!
SON, I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT. BUT IF IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET PAST YOU--
--I'LL TRY TO MAKE IT QUICK!
MISSED! YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD YOURSELF.
THANKS!
YOU LITTLE WORM! YOU SWALLOWED THE JEWELS?!
I BROKE MY TOOTH! I BROKE MY TOOTH! MA!
THERE HE IS! THERE!
HE'S GETTIN' AWAY, TURK! HE'S CLIMBIN' THAT BIG FROG!
GUESS WE BLEW IT, HUH?
IF HE CAN CLIMB IT, SO CAN WE.
SOMETHIN' TOLD ME YOU'D SAY THAT.
SHADDUP.
VERY NICE. WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT MOVE?
HMM. HARDLY TRADITIONAL, BUT IT WORKS.
DUCKING.
LOOK, I HATE TO BE RUDE--

--BUT I'VE GOT PLACES TO BE.
HE'S GETTING AWAY!
TICKERTAPE IS JAMMING MY RADAR. HAVE TO LISTEN FOR...
THERE THEY ARE. SCRAMBLING AROUND ON SOMETHING RUBBERY-- MAYBE TWENTY FEET FROM THE GROUND.
THAT'S NOT FAIR! WE CAN'T CLIMB BUILDINGS LIKE THAT!
SHOOT HIM, GROTTO! SHOOT HIM!
A BALLOON OF SOME SORT.
OH, WELL. HOPE IT'S STURDY...
OOF!
WHUMP
FALLING! I'M GONNA DIE!
UFF!
'BOUT TIME I GOT TO DO SOMETHING.

TAMMI LU! I DONE IT FOR TAMMI LU!
I HATE TO ASK, DD -- BUT WHAT IS GOING ON HERE? WHO IS THIS GUY?
HE'S A BLACKMAILER.
WHO'S TAMMI LU?
SHE'S MY SYSTER. MY SWEET, BEAUTIFUL SISTER WHO'S NEVER DONE NOTHING TO NOBODY IN HER LIFE!
ALL SHE'S EVER CARED ABOUT IS HER DANCING, AND SHE LANDED A PART IN A SHOW--A BIG SHOW--THAT WOULDA MADE HER FAMOUS.
BUT HER LEGS--SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THEM AND SHE NEEDS AN OPERATION, AND THAT BOSS OF HERS, HE FINKED OUT ON PAYING HER INSURANCE. JUST UP AND REPLACED HER WITH SOME RUSSIAN CHICK. JUST LIKE THAT.
SO I THOUGHT I COULD RAISE THE BUCKS TO GET HER LEGS FIXED, BUT I FAILED--AND NOW TAMMI LU WILL NEVER... DANCE... AGAIN...
WHAT DO YOU SAY, FIST?
I SAY WE HELP, AFTER WE FIND MURDOCK, THAT IS.
MURDOCK IS ALL RIGHT. HE ASKED ME TO 'KIDNAP' HIM, JUST TO GET HIM AWAY FROM YOU TWO.
SHELDON--THE CHECKS.
SURE. HERE THEY...
UH OH.
MUST'VE SLIPPED OUT WHEN I FELL. OH, GEE. WITH THE WIND LIKE IT IS, AND ALL THAT TICKERTAPE, YOU'LL NEVER FIND...
OH, GEE...


A MIDTOWN SKYSCRAPER, LATE THAT NIGHT...
SO THERE I SIT MINDIN' MY OWN BUSINESS, AND IN STRUTS THIS BABE WITH LEGS THAT GO UP TO HER NECK. I MEAN, CLASS-A MERCHANDISE.
RIGHT AWAY SHE SPOTS ME AND SHE SLIDES UP TO THE BAR AND GIVES ME A LOOK THAT'D STOP A TRUCK AND SHE SEZ, "YOU'RE LOOKIN' LIKE MY KINDA MAN!"
Y'SEE, THAT'S HOW IT IS WITH ME AND WOMEN. THEY AIN'T GOT NO CHOICE ABOUT IT. THEY'RE DRAWN TO ME, LIKE...
YOU CAN STOP BENDING THE KID'S EAR, MICK. YOU'RE RELIEVED.
GOOD THING, TOO. I GOT A SPANISH CUTIE WAITIN' FOR ME UPTOWN.
SOMETHIN' WRONG, KID?
THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING.
NUTS. YOU GOT A CASE OF NERVES, IS ALL. AIN'T NOBODY DUMB ENOUGH TO TRY TO BREAK IN TO THIS BUILDING.
YOU'RE DUE TO PUNCH OUT IN FIVE, MICK. SO GO.
COULD'VE SWORN I SAW SOMETHING...
LIKE I SAID. NERVES. ANOTHER WEEK ON THE JOB AND YOU'LL BE OKAY.
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LIGHTS?
MUST'VE SHORTED OUT. LEAST THE ELEVATOR'S STILL MOVING.
REMINDS ME OF WHEN I PULLED MY FIRST HEIST. IT WAS A VAULT JOB IN JERSEY AND IT WAS DARK THERE TOO.
THING IS, I DIDN'T EXPECT THAT SECRETARY TO BE WORKIN' LATE, AND SHE SURE DIDN'T EXPECT ME.
BUT WE WORKED IT OUT, Y'KNOW?
IT'S MY CURSE. WOMEN ARE DRAWN TO ME, LIKE MOTHS TO THE--
SHK
KK
MICK?


CUT IT OUT, MICK. THIS IS SCARY.
MICK!
OH, NO. NO.
SHKKK
PLEASE BE SEATED, ELEKTRA.
I HAVE BEEN EXPECTING YOU.
WE HAVE MUCH TO DISCUSS.

DEVIL'S ADVOCATE

c/o MARVEL COMICS GROUP
575 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

DENNIS O'NEIL
EDITOR
RALPH MACCHIO
ASSISTANT EDITOR

Folks:

Ever wonder why you read comix? Ever wonder why you slug through the countless pulps that come out each month, laying down those dollars that should be put in the bank, or spent on that radio, or that new Tom Wolfe book? Ever wonder, as you've seen Galactus come to suck the earth dry -- again -- or a certain Latverian monarch try to rule the world -- again, why you put up with this foolishness? You've seen it all before. What's the point of reading it anymore? My God, I've just turned eighteen -- I'm an adult!

But then I read DAREDEVILs 170-172 in one shot. The little kid inside of me told me why I still read comics -- 'cause things like DAREDEVIL 170-172 excite you. You feel like a kid again. But when both the kid and the adult are amazed, isn't that enough?

Amazed. Yes indeedy. I was amazed. This is why I still read comics.

DAREDEVIL has never looked so good. This strip soars past the cheap newsprint it is put on. No strip Marvel has ever done has been so cinematic, and so memorable in its images and impact. Daredevil leaping and twirling over the city, a single moment caught as effortlessly as DD might pull out his billy club -- Turk's constant window smashings -- The Kingpin fighting thugs -- Daredevil fighting Bullseye -- the "death" of Vanessa, with its 'suspended time' shots, and the close-up on the Kingpin that tells us of his sudden realization that the only thing he loved is dead -- his confrontation with Lynch and subsequent revenge. Violent. Swift. So many memorable visions.

I'm raving. I must be excited.

Enough of the art. Frank, your writing improves with each issue. Your Kingpin was, without a doubt, the best I have read -- proud, calculating, a man of great intellect and strength -- just as he should be. Daredevil's feelings of responsibility were excellent. Too often the villain returns with the hero reacting only with wisecracks ("Ho hum, you back, Texas Massacre? Oh well, I'll put you back in jail -- just give me time to think up some one-liners!") But Daredevil's pain for Bullseye's deeds gives us insight into Daredevil that many writers have glossed over -- that he is a hero, responsible not only for justice, but for human life as well, good or bad.

Of course, the synthesis of both art and story is integral to the success of any comic, and Frank, you do both excellently. Your panel layout and human expression tell far more than any amount of words could, yet both co-exist, each complementing the other. Kudos must also go to Klaus Janson's beautifully balanced inks, Glynis Wein's glorious color, Joe Rosen's lettering, and Denny O'Neil's editing (Yeah -- okay -- you too, Mister Shooter!).

The 'kid' looks forward to many more excursions. Good luck, folks, and take care of yourselves.

Gerald J. Ashworth
8/15 Fairlight St.
Manly, Sydney, AUSTRALIA

Dear Frank,

I was glad when DD finally managed to get back to being published once a month. What at first I didn't find so pleasing was the work of yourself as DD's new writer/artist. All of a sudden old Hornhead seemed to have done a complete turnabout in artistic/written style and content.

At first I wasn't enamoured of the new dark, moody atmosphere permeating the pages of DD. Even though I understood what you were trying to inject into the comic, I just didn't think that this particular style was suited to Daredevil.

Bit by bit, though, I'm gradually coming to enjoy DD's new direction and mood. I'm still not sure it's suited to Daredevil, but there's no reason why every Marvel superhero should have the same style and atmosphere.

The characters and events occurring in DAREDEVIL of late seem very real and tangible, and this is due to the care which you're obviously putting into the comic. Even the minor supporting characters like Turk are played up and given distinct personalities. It's small things like this that add that extra polish to your stories.

This kind of quality was maintained in the latest issue of DD in "Lady Killer" *((DD #173))*. I found the story engrossing and very good. There were a lot of good touches -- Melvin's plight, the revelation of how Becky came to be crippled, and last but not least, DD's confrontation with the sicko responsible for Becky's injuries. The scene where a helpless DD is being pulverized by the thugs and gives way to temporary despair made Daredevil seem less the invulnerable superhero and more a vulnerable man. It's refreshing to be reminded that DD isn't unbeatable and all-powerful.

Naturally, I was rooting for Hornhead all along, and I inwardly applauded him when, fueled by anger and outrage, he overcame his attackers and mopped up the place with them. Trite as it may sound, Mike and his cronies got what they deserved.

This is one story that I'm not going to forget in a hurry, and nor will many DD fans, I'm sure. Congratulations on a job well done, Frank. I look forward with interest to further developments in the double like of Daredevil and Matt Murdock.

Stephen Nottingham
37 Maxwell Road
Beaconsfield, Bucks
ENGLAND

Dear Frank, Klaus, and Glynis,

Without resorting to too much wildly ecstatic praise, I would just like to say that DD #174 is the ultimate DD story to date. I know I will enjoy this yarn over and over again.

I love Elektra! I don't know if I want her and Matt to renew their love affair, but I *am* growing increasingly disenchanted with Heather. Daredevil's world is becoming more and more brutal and merciless. In some cases Heather's flightiness would serve as a counterbalance, but that is not the case lately. She is instead simply out of place. Incongruous.

Briefly, then, DD is a hugely enjoyable comic. I don't know how long this fun is going to last, but I certainly hope it's forever! And a day.

Dale L. Cole
41 Whitecross Road
Warrington, Cheshire
ENGLAND

Gentlemen,

As soon as I saw the cover of DAREDEVIL #175 I knew I was in for a treat. Daredevil and Elektra fighting side by side against the Ninja. I thought Matt and Elektra would get back together, drop that jerk Heather, and become the greatest team since Baskin and Robbins.

Then I read "Gantlet." The tale started with Elektra throwing DD out her window, telling the scarlet swashbuckler that she hates him. So I said to myself, "Self, that's life. Maybe Frank and Denny will reunite them in some far off future issue, they'll marry (Elektra and Daredevil, not Frank and Denny), have a couple of peerless progeny, and become the new Fantastic Four."

Naaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah.

Whatever you decide to do with the fearless folks, keep up the Marvelous work.

Stu Krull
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Dear Mr. Miller,

I haven't written to a Marvel Comic in a long time, but your recent work on my favorite title has inspired me to write. I've never enjoyed ol' DD as much as I am now, and I've been around since issue #1!

I've been reading in recent letter columns that some people miss the old, constantly wisecracking DD. I don't. We have to remember that Matt Murdock had a lot happen to him in his early life that would make anyone stern. Raised by only one parent, he was forced to study so hard that he missed out on the joys of youth, which, of course, gave his peers something to pick on him with, to his increasing distress (and I quote young Matt -- "Someday I'll show them! I'll make them eat those words!") Add to this his blindness, and his father's death, and you've got a person who has every right to be "devilish."

Why the change, then, from wisecracks to creature-of-the-night? I think it is only natural. Perhaps DD's constant joking in the past was just to hide all the hurt he was feeling, even to hide it from himself. But now he's been in the hero business for years. He knows he has a responsibility to himself and to others to be the hero he was meant to be. As long as you don't totally exclude DD's occasional joking, you can do no wrong by me.

One final note. Frank, your artwork is very, very good. And Klaus' inks are top notch, too. But we should always remember the great artists who did this strip before the recent work of Mr. Miller. Colan, Infantino, Kane, and Everett, have all lent their magic to this book. Mr. Miller has had very big shoes to fill, and he has done so very successfully!

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NEXT ISSUE: DD *VS.* ELEKTRA!